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Winter Melodies.

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Winter Melodies

WINTER MELODIES.

BY

ELIZABETH BORRODAILE. Chittenden

Take then these melodies, dear friend,
May they a brightness bring,
That to the wintry day shall lend
A charm, to rival Spring.

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WINTER SPLENDORS.

BUT Winter has yet brighter scenes—he boasts
Splendors beyond what gorgeous Summer knows,
Or Autumn with his many fruits, and woods
All flushed with many hues. Come when the rains
Have glazed the snow, and clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering.

BRYANT.

ICY FEATHERS.

THE verdure of the plain lies buried deep

Beneath the dazzling deluge; and the bents

And coarser grass upspearing o'er the rest,

Of late unsightly and unseen, now shine

Conspicuous and in bright apparel clad

And fledged with icy feathers, nod superb.

COWPER.

OLD KING WINTER.

O WINTER, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet-like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age; thy forehead wrapped in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art.

COWPER.

FROSTY DAYS.

THE sky is bright, the air serenely cold,

The keen north-west, that heaps the drifted snows

For months entire o'er frozen regions blows;

Man braves his blast; his gelid breath inhales

And feels more vigorous as the frost prevails.

DAVID HUMPHREYS

A DAZZLING GARMENT.

THE cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar heads; and, ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep-hid and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man.

THOMSON.

A FIRESIDE SONG.

NOW the wintry winds are blowing
Moaningly along;
On the dying embers throwing
Fuel, set each face aglowing,
Cheer each heart with song.

* * *

Not for any moonlit bower
In a Southern clime,
Will we give this Northern dower,
This delightful, social hour—
Eve in winter time.

I. W. JORDAN.

BEAUTIES OF WINTER.

THE naked trees stretch out their arms all day,
And each bald hill-top lifts its reverend head,
As if for some new covering to pray.
Come, Winter, then and spread thy robe of white
Above the desolation of this scene;
And when the sun with gems shall make it bright,
Or, when its snowy folds by midnight's queen,
Are silvered o'er with a serener light,
We'll cease to sigh for Summer's living green.

ELIZABETH C. KINNEY

A FLEECY COVERING.

FAST falls a fleecy shower; the downy flakes
Descending, and with never-ceasing lapse
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects. Earth receives
Gladly the thickening mantle; and the green
And tender blade, that feared the chilling blast,
Escapes unhurt beneath so warm a veil.

COWPER.

BRIGHTNESS WITHIN.

THOUGH boundless snows the withered heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day:
And when its short and sullen moon is o'er,
The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore;
How bright the faggots in the little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall.

CAMPBELL.

A WINTER NOON.

UPON the southern side of the slant hills,

And where the woods fence off the northern blast,

The season smiles, resigning all its rage,

And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue,

Without a cloud, and white without a speck,

The dazzling splendor of the scene below.

COWPER.

WINTER SUNSHINE.

SUMMER is a glorious season
Warm, and bright, and pleasant,
But the past is not a reason
To despise the present;
So, while health can climb the mountain,
And the log lights up the hall,
There are sunny days in winter, after all!

D. F. MACARTHY

THE SNOW-SHOWER.

SEE how in a living swarm they come
From the chambers beyond that misty veil;
Some hover awhile in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail,
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet, and are still in the depths below;
Flake after flake
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

BRYANT.

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